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and fully sustained the efforts of the artists.

The opera of "Un Ballo in Maschera" was given at the Academy of Music last Monday evening to a slim audience, but very fashionable. Many of the leading habitués of the regular opera being present. The performance was excellent. Noel Guidi is a good artist, possessing a pure and beautiful voice, which she uses with infinite skill. Boschetti made a most lovely Oscar, for a more beautiful woman in person and face, we have rarely seen assume the male character. She sang very charmingly, and was the object of general admiration. Polini was also excellent as the fortune-teller. Anastasi fully sustained the favorable impression he made on Saturday, and won a hearty encore for his beautiful rendering of his song in the second act. Orlandini and the other artists acquitted themselves well.

This evening Halevy's grand opera of "La Juive" will be given with a strong cast.

#### CONCERTS.

##### ANNUAL CONCERT OF GEORGE W. MORGAN.

This concert took place at Irving Hall last Saturday evening. The attendance was not as large as we expected, but it was highly appreciative, and sufficiently numerous to be remunerative. We have rarely heard Mr. Morgan play more admirably. The Fantasia in Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" was brilliant in execution, and was distinguished by the most charming variety in combinations. All the effects were well calculated, and the best solo points and the full powers of the organ were artistically developed. This was enthusiastically encored, and in response he performed, in a most brilliant and effective manner, the variations in "God Save the Queen," in which his feet vied with his hands in clear and rapid manipulations. His other selections were executed in the same masterly manner.

Miss Nettie Sterling has naturally a most splendid vocal organ, but we are by no means satisfied with the method of its production, nor with the style of her training. Her voice, instead of being produced naturally and without effort, is forced and strained, and its rich, unctuous quality partially obscured. Her style, though pretentious, is by no means formed; her studies in the Italian have evidently been forced, and the shallowness of the teaching is betrayed by the absence of those countless minor graces of finish, in which no well-trained artist is ever deficient. This forcing system of vocal education is vicious in every respect. It ignores the basis of vocal education, namely, the proper formation of the voice, and that instruction which enables the singer to acquire a knowledge of the use, and a perfect control of all the resources of the various registers of the voice—powers which enable an artist to husband the voice, to produce contrasted effects, to endure any amount of fatigue, and to manage it under distressing circumstances of sickness or partial cold. A certain class of brilliancy is imparted, together with a superficial education and a false, exaggerated emphasis; but these are surface qualities, that may give a momentary reputation, but cannot stand the test of repeated hearing, or discriminating criticism.

Miss Kate McDonald, whose debut was noticed a few days since, is on all points the best introduced novice who has appeared for years. She has learned to manage her voice, to conceal its weaknesses, to develop its strong

points, and to manage it so as to meet all emergencies. She has been thoroughly grounded, and her future of success depends solely upon her own efforts, which, if directed by a conscientious desire to excel, will open to her any position which the character of her voice will admit of.

We by no means wish to depreciate the accomplishments of Miss Sterling. She has profited by her education to a certain extent, but her fine gifts of nature and her strong musical instinct have insured her the success she has met with. Had she been less taught, she would have achieved as much; had she been better taught she would have been able to maintain an elevated position. In her ballad singing nature tells, and the crudities of her Italian style disappear; the pure tones of her voice are heard, and in these there is a charm which everyone acknowledges. There is the making of a fine artist in Miss Sterling; but while she is able in ballads and in concerted music to hold her place, she must study more and differently before she can successfully interpret the higher class of vocal music in the concert-room.

The War Song from "Eli," is too arduous an undertaking for Mr. Castle. It strains his voice until it wavers and trembles to a point of breaking, and affords another instance of a want of the knowledge of how to produce and carry the voice. What a striking contrast the singing of Mr. J. R. Thomas presents. Every note in his voice is truly and beautifully produced. Ease, certainty, and perfection of instruction prove the thoroughness of his teaching and his method. His singing of Clappison's beautiful song on this occasion was as fine a specimen of pure vocalization, united with just and passionate expression, as can be heard at the concert-room.

Mr. Campbell sung very effectively a fine dramatic song by Mr. Robert Goldbeck, one of his "Love Songs," we believe, to Tennyson's words, "Blow, bugle blow." It was a marked success. Mr. Goldbeck is more fortunate as a composer than as a solo pianist. With abundance of execution he fails to interpret his thoughts clearly. His manner is too hurried and nervous, and in his excitement he is apt to strike notes, especially with his left hand, which are not written down.

Mrs. Marie Abbott was too ill to appear. Mr. George Simpson, though suffering from a severe cold, honored the announcement of his name, and sung in a most charming and graceful manner the music allotted him.

One word about extemporaneous organ performances. The first thing necessary is to have an idea, the second to have the ability to work it out. These conditions not fulfilled, extra-trumpery would be the right title of the performance.

##### HOPKINS' ORPHEONIST FESTIVAL.

The monster "Orpheonist and Charity Children's Spring-tide Singing Festival," for some time the topic of general remark and wonderment in musical circles, is advertised in our amusement column. Mr. Jerome Hopkins, the pianist, has had the affair in his mind for many years, and has for four years been making preparations for its successful issue.

When we state that it was two years before the Managers of our Orphan Asylums could be persuaded to allow the children in their charge to sing at such a performance, even for the benefit of the Homes, some notion may be formed by our readers of the amount of prejudice and bigotry which has had to be encountered by Mr. Hopkins, in order to origin-

ate in this country that which for upwards of a half century has been a grand musical occasion at St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

We wish Mr. Hopkins every success in his great undertaking. In fact the names on his committee (including as they do several hundreds of our most influential citizens, from Bishop Potter and his Honor the Mayor down to merchants and millionaires,) alone give the entire affair a prestige in advance which has seldom if ever before been attached to any musical performance. More about it anon.

BRENTANO.—We are indebted to Brentano for the prompt delivery of our files of foreign papers and periodicals, as well as for the third part of Doré's Illustrated Bible. Our readers will find Brentano's establishment, centrally located as it is, nearly opposite the New York Hotel, a convenient resort for the purchase of this, as well as the Don Quixote and other works, with illustrations from the imaginative hand of Doré.

#### DRAMATIC REVIEW.

The great theatrical event has at length eventuated. "Never too Late to Mend" has been produced at Wallack's, and the verdict of the public has been favorably. And with good reason, for there has not been seen on the New York stage for many years such perfectness of detail, beautiful scenery, and so thoroughly good a cast. But here praise must stop. The play itself is decidedly uninteresting. The interest appears to be all condensed into the first act, after which the play becomes more and more stupid, and were it not for the beautiful scenery and excellent acting you would be sorely tempted to leave the theatre in disgust. All this could have been avoided had Mr. Reade but adhered more closely to the language of his novel, instead of which, after the first act, he has introduced new dialogue which is decidedly tame. It is strange that so great a novelist should be so poor a dramatist.

In addition to this, the play would have been vastly improved had the entire second act been omitted; it has but little connection with the story (and what it has could easily have been explained in the succeeding act), and gives a painful and revolting picture of a state of affairs that has long since ceased to exist. When Mr. Reade wrote "Never too Late to Mend," there was a great abuse existing in the English prison system, and the book was, to a great extent, written for the purpose of putting it down. But this has been all done away with; now prisoners are looked upon in the light of human beings, not wild animals, and it is merely awakening bitter feelings to revive the remembrance of such atrocities on the stage. To be sure, the act affords the carpenters a fine chance for displaying an intricate and excellently arranged scene, but would it not have been better had Mr. Wallack consulted his own better judgment, and spared his patrons the sight of a picture of such revolting brutality?

But enough of fault-finding, the public are satisfied, and they, after all, are the only ones whose good opinion the managers care a jot about, besides which, the faults which I have pointed out would only be noticed by a critical eye, and do not materially detract from the ex-

cellence of the play. So let us be contented with what we have got, and not ask, in *Oliver Twistian* spirit, for "more."

The first act introduces all the more important characters of the play, and a most beautiful scene of English country life. In the distance the village church, in the foreground an English homestead with the barns and outhouses; here is the faithful watch-dog, there the farmer's horse quietly nibbles his repast of hay, the laborers are threshing out the grain in the barn, a pump (with real water) is beside the homestead door, pigeons are perched upon the roofs of the buildings, flowers are growing in the garden, and all breathes of the pure atmosphere of home and the country.

In the second act we have the objectionable prison scene. Here I lose all patience, so shall say nothing.

Acts third and fourth are devoted to the Australian episode of the story. The scene of the third act is not particularly noticeable, being the interior of a log hut, nicely painted, but nothing out of the common run. In the fourth act, however, is given one of the most intricate and excellently painted scenes that I have seen this long time. It is a rocky glen in Australia, with waterfall and rivulet by moonlight, changing gradually to darkness, daylight and bright sunshine, the whole thing is a perfect *chef d'œuvre*, and on the first night called forth long and continued applause.

The last act is not marked by any great display of scenic art, and merely serves to end the story, which by this time has become rather tangled. A new idea has struck me in dramatic criticism. The human race are in many things like sheep, and will, as a general thing, follow their leader; art critics in noticing pictures take them up one by one, according to their numbers in a catalogue, why should not this same rule be carried out with regard to actors? Inspired with this stupendous idea, I shall carry it out in criticising the characters in "Never too Late to Mend."

1. George Fielding—Mr. Frederic Robinson. One of the most enjoyable pieces of acting that Mr. Robinson has yet given us, quiet, sensible, and perfectly true to life throughout.

2. Isaac Levi—Mr. Jno. Gilbert. Why won't Mr. Gilbert play something badly? It is becoming almost monotonous to be constantly praising him, but he is so thoroughly excellent in every part that he undertakes that it is next to impossible to do otherwise.

3. Thomas Robinson—Mr. C. Fisher. Another one of Mr. Fisher's delicious pieces of character acting, good from beginning to end, even the dismal prison scene is rendered almost acceptable by the gentleman's excellent rendition of the erring but repentant thief.

4. Mr. Meadows—Mr. Mark Smith. Mr. Smith does not seem to have caught the true spirit of the part; a careful study of the novel would do him great good.

5. Josephs—Miss Mary Barrett. Truthfully, and as a natural consequence, painfully acted.

6. Hawes—Mr. Geo. Holland. Dear old Holland! His honest, jovial face does not seem at all at home in this disagreeable part, yet the true artist shines out in bright colors nevertheless.

7. Jacky—Mr. Young. Too prominent; when Mr. Young has toned down his boisterousness

and eccentricities a little the part will be most excellent.

8. Peter Crawley—Mr. Holston. By all odds the best piece of acting that Mr. Holston has yet given, he fully realizes the character as drawn by the master hand of Mr. Reade, the scene in the last act is particularly noticeable for its intensity and thrilling naturalness.

9. Mr. Eden—Mr. B. T. Ringgold. Mr. Ringgold is improving rapidly, and gives us here a quiet and natural picture of the good-hearted, energetic clergyman.

10. Susan Merton—Miss Henriques. A small part, but most sweetly and delicately rendered.

The other characters are, for the most part, well acted, and tend to make "Never too Late to Mend" one of the great successes of the season.

Through some inadvertence nearly half of the "Dramatic Review" for last week was omitted. It is needless for me to say that the public lost a great literary treat (!) Under the circumstances, I can but offer them the sincere commiseration of their humble and devoted servant and admirer.

SHUGGE.

#### RAPHAEL AND MICHAEL ANGELO.\*

(Continued from page 38.)

From the time, when Raphael died, the collection of artists' letters contains nothing from the hand of Michael Angelo. His first three letters bear the dates of 1496, 1504, and 1529; they embrace a long period of time, his youth, his first stay at Rome, and the tumults in Florence, after which he entered, a second time, in Rome, upon that period of his life, during which, reigning as sovereign in the realm of art, he issued work upon work up to the time of his death. From this epoch numerous letters are handed down; from it the most of his poems proceed, and in particular, for the most part, to these later years of his life belongs what has been preserved concerning him by his contemporaries.

The first letter, of July 2, 1496, announces his arrival in Rome. Born in 1474, he was now in his twenty second year; he had already, however, accomplished much. His whole life was a continuous battle against men and circumstances,—a battle which took its rise on his first entrance upon his career as artist. While yet a child at school, he passed all his leisure hours in drawing. No advice, no punishment, could divert him from this inclination. He overcame the opposition of his father, and at his fourteenth year took lessons from Domenico Ghirlandajo. His friendship with the young Granacci, who was learning painting at the same time, led him into the studio of this master. He made astonishing progress. An example of his style and manner has been preserved, showing how his aptitude, and at the same time, his character, were early displayed. One of his fellow-students had received one of Ghirlandajo's drapery-studies to copy. Michael Angelo took the sheet and improved with his own touches the drawing and the style of the teacher. Granacci preserved the drawing, and sent it afterwards to Vasari, who, sixteen years later, laid it again before Michael Angelo. The latter, laughing, recognized the work, and added, "At that time, I understood more of art than to-day."

This desire to try his skill upon work not his own, and to come into competition with others,

\* From the German of HERMANN GRIMM.

often returned to him. It was a gratification to him, as it were, to try on all practicable occasions the extent of his ability,—a kind of haughty joy in the consciousness of power. When he felt that it was his right to be first, he was not willing to appear second. There is concealed in this striving an ebullition of professional emulation. It was based not simply upon the gratification of self-conscious superiority; he was determined that the public should acknowledge this superiority; he was determined that it should know that he understood more than all others. He demanded no vantage-ground; but he insisted upon justice. Schiller experienced something of this impulse when he so severely criticised Burger's and Matthison's poems and Goethe's *Egmont*. He dealt, in this, with the works in question, not with the persons, while Goethe, when in his youthful years he attacked Wieland, had the man, and only subordinately his works, in view. Though Michael Angelo, however, was jealously regardful of his position, yet the thought was foreign to his soul that, to be great, others must be depreciated. He assisted many an artist in their labors; he made drawings for their pictures; he gave them good advice as to how they might improve. Had a greater artist than he appeared, had he been forced to confess in his inmost heart "This one is stronger than thou," he would not have waited a moment to give utterance to what he thought. How true this is, the anecdote which De Thou has preserved in his memoirs will illustrate. It shows that the pride of the great master was of another sort than that self-gratification which often distinguishes limited minds, and his modesty sprang from a clearer source than from that delusive self-depreciation of inferior natures, which strive to entice praise from the lips of those, in comparison with whom they find fault with themselves.

De Thou was visiting Mantua, where the Princess Isabelle D'Este displayed to him and others the art treasures of her palace, among them a Cupid, a work in marble, by Michael Angelo. After the company had contemplated it a long time admiringly, a second statue standing near was unveiled,—a work of antique art. The two were now compared, and every one was ashamed of having rated so high the work of the Florentine. The antique was yet covered with traces of the earth, in which it had lain; but it seemed to be instinct with life, while the other was only a lifeless stone. Then, however the observers were assured that Michael Angelo had urgently prayed the princess never to show his work except in connection with the Grecian one, and, in truth, after this unusual manner, in order that connoisseurs might judge how far the ancient art surpassed the modern.

#### ART AND SCIENCE.

A very lively writer in the London *Art Journal* makes a vigorous onset upon certain views which seem to favor the intrusion of Science into the domain of Art. We apprehend that the writer mistakes the position of the Scientists or Positivists, however they may be termed, and that what he so eloquently urges in favor of the due subordination of details will meet with no gainsaying from their ranks. The positive spirit must not be confounded with the matter-of-fact spirit or no-spirit, as it may better be termed. But hear our essayist:

My own ideas of Art much differing from others now frequently put forth (else it were superfluous